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also extends the range of writing from the Nile Valley to Syria. The proper names of persons and places coincide with the forms in the Bible; some seem orthodox Hebrew, others are compounded with BAB, whose worship made ABRAHAM a curse among the Jews.

Of documents or inscriptions directly referring to ABRAHAM or any other King there is no mention. No treasure house or archive has been discovered yet, whatever the mound may conceal. The attribution of time is still an inference of the archaeologists, a reasonable and probable one to be sure, but neither they nor Professor REISNER are responsible for the fanciful additions that have been made to the facts. There is every reason to hope that a continuation of the explorations at Samaria will bring to light material of the greatest importance for our knowledge of the Jews and of the Bible, especially such as may present evidence in behalf of heterodox Israel, and we trust they will be carried on rapidly.

Is This a Caricature of Shakespeare's Countenance?

A pleasant variation of Shakespearean research is to be found in a monograph by Mr. BASIL BROWN on a supposed caricature of the Droschout portrait.

The abominable eidolon which appears in the First Folio, opposite BEN JONSON'S sly advice to the Reader to look rather upon the Book than upon the Picture, has been for nearly three hundred years the despair of everybody wondering what SHAKESPEARE'S physiognomy really was like. No human being ever faintly resembled the Droschout print. The face is as impossible as the doublet of riveted boiler iron. The alternative material for a satisfactory SHAKESPEARE consists of the Stratford bust, with the wooden inexpressive features which we believe DIXON BORICATEL once slanderously compared to the countenance of the late THOMAS R. REED; and the so-called Chandos picture in the National Portrait Gallery, of very doubtful value as a portrait, but nevertheless with a suggestion of an intelligence active within the cranium. Consequently most of the ideal conceptions of SHAKESPEARE'S appearance proceed from the Chandos picture, painted years after his death, rather than from the Stratford effigy or the Droschout engraving. Practically every Shakespearean depicts his own SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. BASIL BROWN has discovered what he believes to be an intentional caricature of the unconscious caricature of SHAKESPEARE'S face perpetrated by DROSHOUT. It appears in the illustration to a metrical tract called "Heads of All Fashions" put forth in 1642 by JOHN TAYLOR, known as the Water Poet. The woodcut presents a collection of heads of various shapes, including this.

The Water Poet, JOHN TAYLOR, produced during the first half of the seventeenth century much more or less humorous literature. In 1642 he was busily plying poor CORYAT'S "Cudrities" of travel. In 1651 he published a batch of ninety epigrams. He had been SHAKESPEARE'S contemporary. Mr. BROWN assumes and believes that the Water Poet knew SHAKESPEARE personally, and when the First Folio came out was so disgusted with the Droschout picture that he made, or caused to be made by his nephew, a caricature of it, and used the caricature afterward in his "Heads of All Fashions." As to the actual author of the drawing:

Two portraits of JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet, are in the Oxford picture gallery. They are signed "John Taylor pinx. 1651." This was the nephew, who, we think, presented them to the gallery ten years after the death of the Water Poet. This nephew may have been a son of JOHN TAYLOR, the actor, and have had a kindred liking for art, and may have drawn the caricature of the Droschout head which so interested me many years ago that I had a facsimile made for my own amusement, and I now offer it as a curiosity well worth the interest of other Shakespeareans.

We leave it to our readers to compare the tall head from the Taylor tract with the Droschout print and to draw their conclusions. But it interests us to discover an ardent Shakespearean who is neither trying to prove that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was FRANCIS BACON'S choropodist nor evolving painfully from a cryptogram in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" the algebraic substance of LAFARGUE'S "Ménagerie Céleste."

The Hard Case of Marvass.

Even before Mr. SALOMON REISNER exploded the legend, it never seemed to us that MARVASS had had fair play. Though it was a favorite subject for artists in antiquity and in later days, the story is discreditable to PHRYGIANS and to Hellenic ideals of sportsmanship. Allowing for variations in tradition, it is in substance this: When the world and art were young the Jovian goddess of wisdom, PALLAS ATHENE, in an idle moment picked up a reed, made holes in it, and for the first time cooed the flute. She happened to see the reflection of her face in the water when she did this, and as it spoiled her looks, the woman in her made her throw away her invention. MARVASS, who was a satyr with no claim to pulchritude, picked up the instrument and practised on it. Science cannot decide whether it was a plain flute or a double one. Whichever it was, MARVASS was so pleased with his skill that he challenged APOLLO to a musical contest.

Accounts of the contest vary, but in none does the Sungod shine. He used his cithara, which may have been a lyre or a lute. According to some, the Muses were the judges and could not decide between the competitors, when APOLLO, whose mouth was free, an undue advantage, began to sing, and so won the prize. According to the more common story, MIDAS, the gold-loving king of Phrygia, was the umpire and decided in favor of MARVASS, whereupon APOLLO in his wrath bestowed ass's ears upon him. All agree that the angry

god of music and of poetry seized the unlucky MARVASS, flayed him and hung up his skin in a Phrygian cave. The blood trickling from it formed the headwaters of the river Marvass and the whirling against it brought out musical sounds. The Greek sculptors liked to carve this story. HYPERION and the satyr gave the opportunity for contrast, and painters from the renaissance down have been fond of it. In Hellas it was used as a warning example against the blasphemous presumption of mortals toward the gods.

Philosophers who delve for hidden meanings in ancient myths have formed different opinions of the significance of the Marvass tale. Many regard it as marking racial and religious conflicts, the struggle between the Dorians, and the music employed in their rites, with Phrygian and Asiatic ceremonies. To some it may suggest a fight for supremacy between wind and string instruments in the orchestra and to mark the violence of musical theories and criticism even in the beginnings. It may symbolize, too, the suppression of the simple folk melodies by the more elaborate methods of conscious art; the first recorded instance of hostility between the schools.

Now comes M. REINACH, a distinguished French archaeologist, who tells the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, with the iconoclastic disregard for traditions that characterizes modern science, that the legend is of late origin and that MARVASS was nothing but an ass, a four footed one. His argument is that in early times asses were sacrificed to APOLLO in northern Greece, as Pindar states, and that the reason given was that their vocal efforts were distasteful, that they were enemies of music and the Muses. The skin APOLLO stripped off was simply an ass's hide. It was only in the fifth century before Christ, when musical Athens was divided over the respective merits of the flute and the cithara, that the Marvass fable was invented.

This matter of fact explanation does credit to M. SALOMON REINACH'S deductive ingenuity and is in full accord with the newer criticism in archaeology. It is not likely to pass unopposed among scientific men. The layman must feel that it is rather hard for poor MARVASS, after he was done out of his prize by a superior god, and after having been flayed in marble and on canvas, to be finally written down an ass before a Parisian public.

The New Rationationalism.

Cook county, the home of so many geniuses in literature, aesthetics and the art of politics and government, more honor drips upon Cook county, the nursing mother of the Chevalier FULLER, of Fra LORADO, of JIM HAN LEWIS, the Pink Aurora Borealis, the twin statesmen of the First ward, the programme of the Chicago Academy of Scientific Exact Thinking now appeals to the cultivated world, and may well make green the cheek of the University of Chicago. Indeed, what other university is as free and liberal as the Academy:

"We employ the wholesale and not the retail method of imparting knowledge, involving a tremendous economy of time and effort of teachers and pupils. Minds so taught acquire understanding and become correct thinking machines; rational in all things, irrational in none, increasing the brain capacity a thousandfold. This Academy has no income. It is not commercialized. To develop a few superior talents we plan to pay a salary to a limited number of students for the privilege of educating them."

This is what colleges should do in a well constructed universe. Department A does what the few real friends of education have long insisted is the beginning, the condition precedent of a rational system of education: it provides for the "instruction of parents, teachers and guardians." Department C, or Bureau of Scientific Thinking, issues:

"Bulletins to educators, to statesmen, judges, business men, humanitarians, etc., outlining procedures based on modern knowledge versus tradition for professors, reformers and statesmen, by the same law that impels bugs and birds, and persistently [sic] perpetuates their institutions according to their traditions."

There will be a conflict of jurisdiction between the Academy and the divers weekly and monthly statesmen, enlighteners, educators, humanitarians for business now on view, but the Academy as a correct and scientific thought plant must prevail. All other conservatismists must yield to it, for "human conservation" is its specialty. All other uplifters are downpaters by the side of it, for it organizes "schools of character and citizen culture, where, by means of shops, gardens, farms, environment and mental training, the highest types of manhood and womanhood may be developed."

Finally, it is the aim of the New Rationationalism to be:

"A court of intelligence independent of traditional conceptions or influences, to supply a larger conclusions on request. In relation to any question or problem, personal, economic, spiritual, social, political or scientific."

Will the New Rationationalism swallow its rivals in omniscience, conservation and reverberation?

The Social Value of Markets.

In this ruthless age of reform no institution, however firmly grounded in the traditions of the town, appears to be secure unless its "social value" is clearly demonstrable. Just now it is the downtown markets that our appraisers of social service would abolish. These, the Board of Estimate has been informed, are inconvenient to the houses,

wives of distant Harlem and other populous uptown residence neighborhoods. They are frequented by peddlers and shopkeepers who have in the expense of transportation a specious apology for high prices. The cost of living, it is argued, would be reduced if the city were to dispose of the sites occupied by the old markets, investing the proceeds in less costly and more numerous establishments elsewhere.

That new markets may be required may be admitted, but not that the old have deteriorated in social value.

Where will you find rosier children, more buxom matrons and lustier men than in Greenwich Village under the shadow of Gansevoort Market? The villagers there have learned from experience how to cultivate contentment and live to mellow age in a herring racking modern city. A brisk morning walk to market, the connoisseur's pleasure of inspection and selection, the joy of bargaining over choice morsels of such ingredients is compounded a tonic brew which the beneficent Bulgarian sour milk curd hides his diminished head in confusion.

Old Greenwich has continued to be a stronghold of the native American population because succeeding generations of villagers, indifferent to prospects of wealth in suburban real estate, have remained constant to their market, their unfailing source of good digestion and wholesome philosophy. To abolish it now would be an injustice to loyal men, if not an unpardonable offense against nature, for nature has a way of setting apart sites for markets as well as for cities, and she clearly meant Gansevoort Market to be where it is.

Does not VAN DER DONCK testify that on the North River beach throughout lobsters four to six feet long abounded, and that the waters were full of huge oysters and of luscious shrimp and tortoise? Wild turkeys called in the woods, waterfowl teemed in the swamps, deer and elk were fat and plentiful, while the air was scented with the perfume of grapes, and strawberries were so abundant in the fields that "people lay down and ate them to satiety." Evidently nature intended this generous region for a sturdy, well fed race of men, the virtues of which can be perpetuated nowadays only with the aid of a well stored market; and if such aid is of social value in the case of pink, rotund natives in Greenwich Village, is it not manifestly indispensable for the rest of the town?

It is reported that the Government General of Formosa is contemplating the use of aeroplanes in military operations against the aborigines.

To the "Government-General" must be allowed imagination; but daring as the professional aviator is he would not court the odds of Formosa as long as petrol tanks give out and motors misbehave. No Japanese army officers are available at present. They have made but little progress in using the aeroplane.

Why is virtue so hateful to the wicked? Why do beauty, sweetness, solemnity, cry out in the Senate and only a Progressive ear or two stretch to hear them? No truly good man can read without a pang of mingled grief and rage this extract from THE SUN'S Washington despatches of Saturday:

"There seemed to be a purpose on the part of the Senators, particularly the Republicans, to absent themselves from the chamber while Senator RIVERKROCK was speaking."

So hardened are the hearts and necks of the Egyptians. And yet the Grand Young Man will be among them and feed wisdom to them for so short a time; and actually there are people who will pay for the privilege, so scorned by the ungilded Senators, of hearing him prattle!

AN ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

Discovery By a Rummager Into Old Forgotten Far Off Things.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Some months ago, while sorting out a mass of old papers, I discovered a document, the first of a series, which I have not been able to find elsewhere. It is a document, written in a cursive hand, and is a copy of a letter from the Emperor of the United States of America to the Emperor of the United States of America. It is a document, written in a cursive hand, and is a copy of a letter from the Emperor of the United States of America to the Emperor of the United States of America.

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CHIPS OF OLD WORLD POLITICS.

An Epoch of Distrust.

The Potsdam conference continues to disturb the politics of Europe. Ever since the Kaiser and the Czar had their friendly gathering and came to some sort of understanding about Persia and the Bagdad railway, the world has been a nervous epoch